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THE FAIRIE BOY.

(An autobiographical sketch.)

By "RALPH WERTHER—JENNIE JUNE."

ON a mild evening in early October, in the outskirts of a large New England mill town, a burly boy of nine was playing "cow and calf" [fellatio] with a male child of three having nut-brown eyes, and auburn curls hanging over his shoulders. Twilight had almost ebbed away and the full moon was conspicuous in the eastern sky. Numerous shrill whistles were sounding to the mill workers the knell of their toilsome day and reminding the more fortunate members of refined households that it was time for tea. To the nut-brown child's mind it was the moon which radiated the shrill whistling—the moon, so far up in the sky, even higher than the towering factory smoke-stacks visible in the distance. * * * *

Though having passed his fifth birthday, the nut-brown boy's usual occupation was still with his numerous dolls. Even when accompanying older children to the main street, he always carried a large doll in his arms. Illbred stranger grown-ups would sometimes therefore laugh right in his face and put to him such questions as cut him like a knife.

For his family of dolls, the nut-brown boy himself had fashioned rude dresses, imitating as well as he could the more pretentious ones presented to him by his older girl friends. In his toy wash-tub, he liked to do his dolls' wash, hanging it out to dry on a string stretched in the garden. But one day when the wash was out, something terrible happened. A sudden shower! And the nut-brown boy, standing at an open window in sight of the ill-fated laundry, cried out: "Oh it yains! It yains! And my clothes 'll get wet!" * * * *

When he had passed his sixth birthday, the nut-brown boy's parents, to his sorrow, took away his dresses and forced him into

breeches. It was to him almost the same as if he had to go out on the street clad only in his underclothes. For some weeks he would hide behind a tree whenever an acquaintance came into sight. His repeated whimperings to his mother for the restoration of his skirts and petticoats were in vain.

He now became for several years the special pet of a neighbor burly boy somewhat older and larger than himself. He loved to sit on this boy's lap and bury his face in his bosom. He would tell this boy—as well as his other child associates—to call him "Jennie" instead of "Ralph." They would play that a tent was their house. The nut-brown boy would "stay home to keep house," while "F'ank" would go out to earn the living.

"Dear F'ank," the nut-brown, curly-locked boy said one day, "I'm not af'aid when you're c'ose by. I want you to stay by me until I get to be a man. But I hope I'll die before I get that big, because I don't want to live with whiskers growing on my face, like on papa's. How could I ever use a wazor like papa!" And the nut-brown boy shuddered. * * * *

The village school is out, and the playground for the rougher sex is thronged with boys, some of whom are throwing and catching balls. A brown-eyed boy of ten summers alone makes his way directly from the school exit toward the street. Two or three whom he passes take the opportunity to throw their arms around him, with the remark: "Kissing you is as good as kissing a girl." As he continues on his way, a ball happens to roll to his feet, and schoolmates shout for him to throw it to them. With face as red as a beet, he picks it up, and gives it an awkward toss. "Hah hah hah! you throw just like a girl! Miss Nancy!"

The nut-brown boy makes his way to the other side of the academy building, to the girls' playground. He experiences the sensation of having escaped from prison and reaching his own element. Shyness and a species of fright give way to gleefulness. He joins the girls in hop-scotch. He only cared for the less rude games of the gentle sex. After a while some of the boys come to the fence in order to banter and tease him and his playmates. He liked this, and outgirled the latter in their reaction to the boys' teasing. He indeed always constituted himself the ring-leader of the girls of the school of his own age, never reflecting on its unnaturalness. They, on the other hand, never looked upon him as being a boy. With them he would naively discuss his favorites among the boys.

The bantering became livelier and livelier, until the nut-

brown boy succeeded through his coquetry in inciting the manly boys into chasing himself and his girl clique. To be thus chased by a sturdy boy was for him the highest earthly happiness.

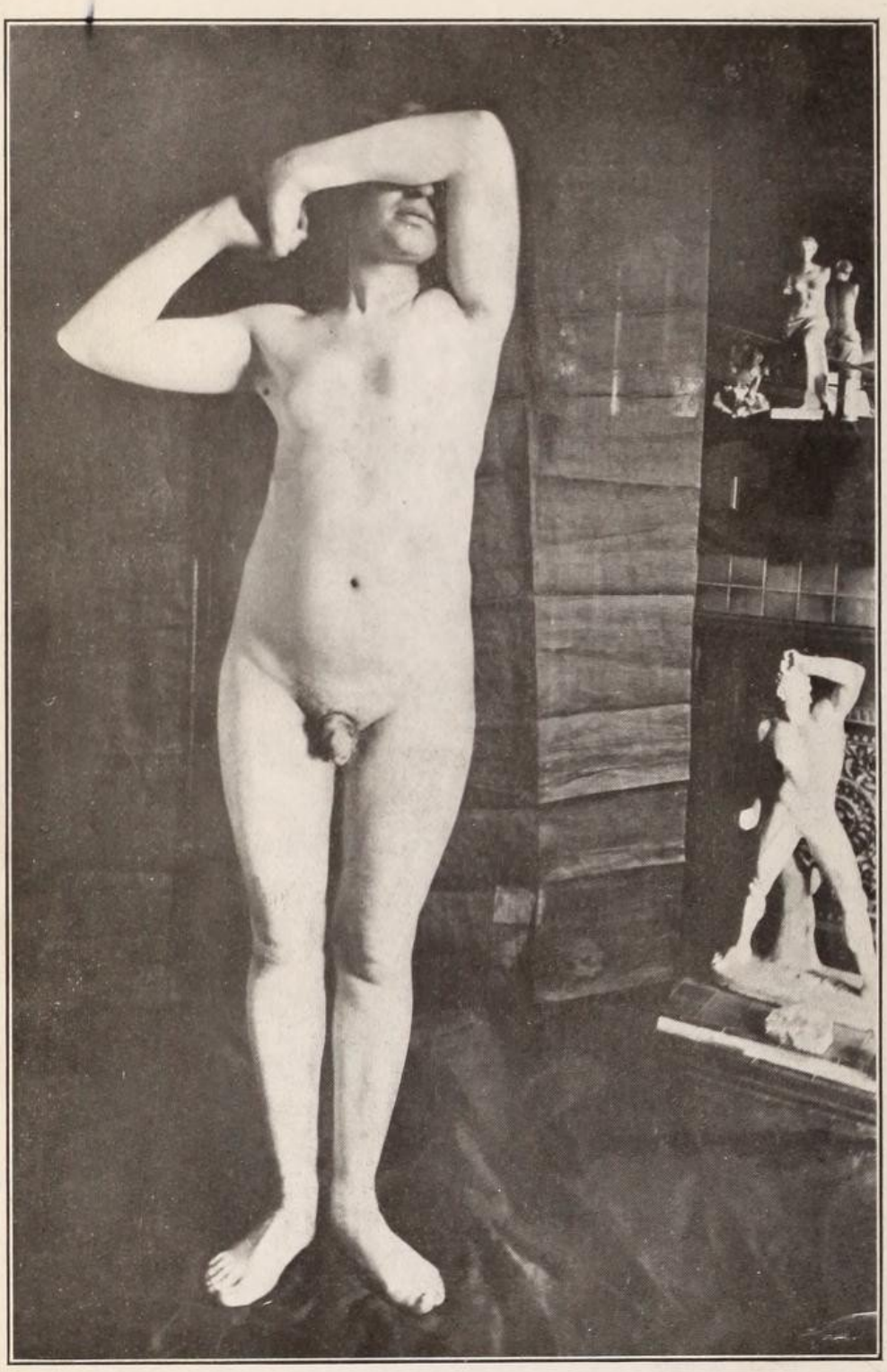
On other afternoons after school, he would accompany some of his girl friends to their homes, where they would play hide-and-seek in out-of-the-way parts of the house. Once to a request of one of them, he could only reply: "I do not know how!" And he never gave the matter another thought. But he had a craze to exchange outer clothing with one of them, and thus clad, they would stroll about the streets where they were likely to encounter boy acquaintances in order that he might display to them his unusual skill in female-impersonation.

His older acquaintances, as well as his parents, would often point at him the finger of scorn for his girlish predilections, but that did not stop him. To pass his life as far as possible like a girl was the very essence of existence. For it he was willing to sacrifice everything else. * * * *

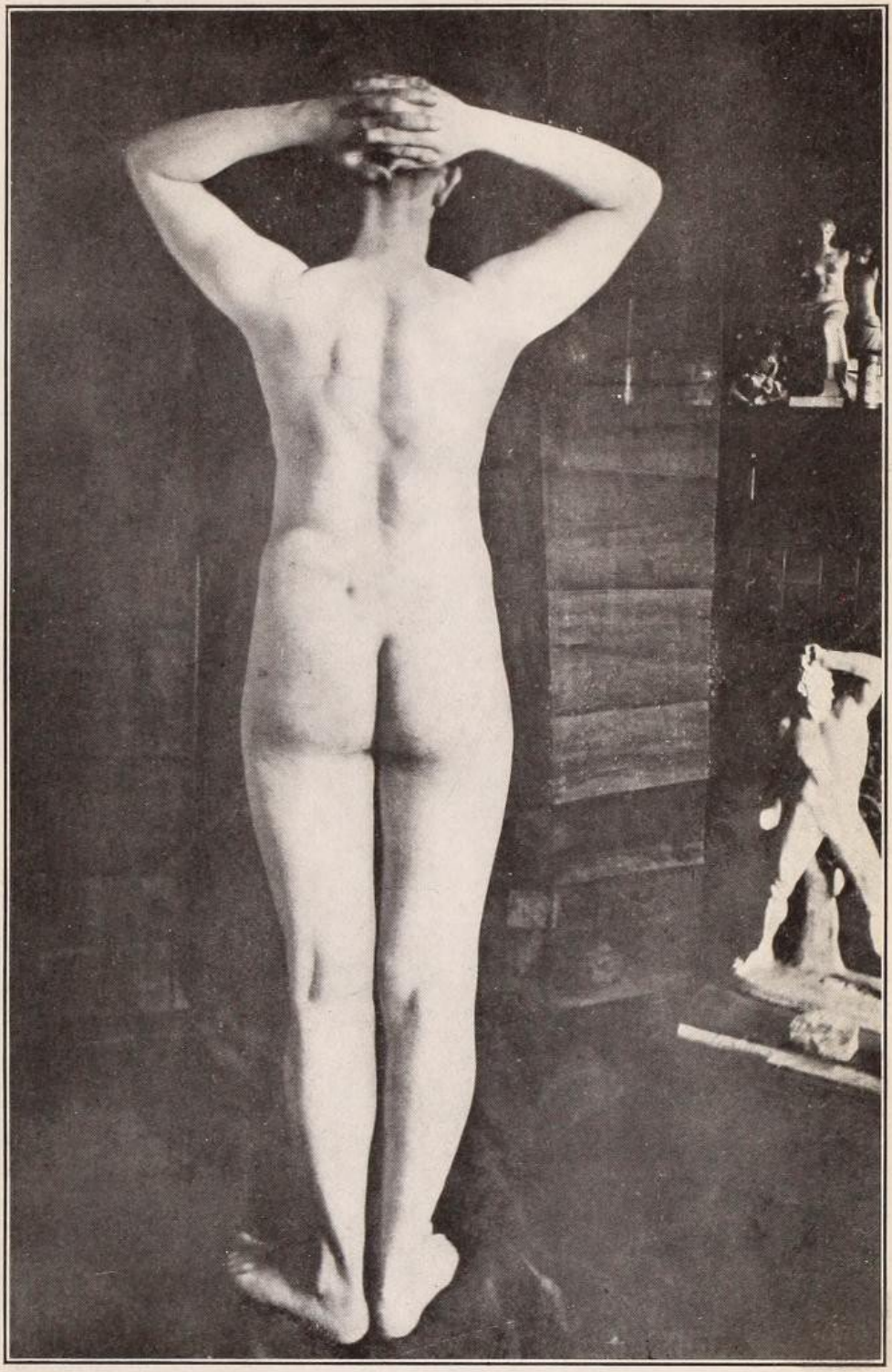
The nut-brown boy happened to be a book-worm, and we see him now a junior in a college situated in one of our great cities. Having attained his growth, he is of remarkably slight build and his face looks much younger than his years. His athletic classmates, when seated next to him, are wont to throw an arm around him and cry, "Child!" They remark to one another that they "never met any one else with so little of the animal in his make-up as he." He acquired the nickname of "Cato the Censor" because he habitually rebuked any one guilty of a gross expression in his presence. "If any one was ever morally perfect," his classmates would say, "Ralph Werther is it."

But what of the other side of this junior's life in a great city?—Just after nightfall, we see the nut-brown boy—now a youth of nineteen—in his room in a high-class boarding-house. He is putting on a cast-off suit. He places some money in a pocket, besides several bills in a shoe. He stuffs a few matches in one pocket and a wet sponge, wrapped in several thicknesses of paper, in another. He then carefully goes through his clothing a second time to make sure that he has not by oversight left on him some clue to his identity.

He creeps stealthily out of his room, closing the door softly so as not to attract attention. After listening to make sure that no one is about to ascend the outside steps leading to the street, he opens the outer door and glides out bareheaded, a cast-off soft cap crumpled up in his hand. Hurriedly crossing to the opposite



I.—"Ralph Werther" at 33—from 19 to 31 a female impersonator and amateur fairie under name of "Jennie June"



II.—Rear view of "Ralph Werther—Jennie June" at 33

side of the street lest some acquaintance should encounter him in his shabby apparel, he puts on the cap, pulling the tip down over his eyes. He walks a mile to a car line not likely to be patronized by any one who knows him and rides to a quarter of the city entirely inhabited by foreign laborers of the poorer class.

These nights—one each week—had a great fascination for our nut-brown boy, or more properly now, "the fairie boy." With a half score of adolescent laboring men and two or three young women, the evening would be passed in some humble two-room apartment. Everybody was exceedingly happy, and the fairie boy perhaps the happiest of all, sitting now in one young man's lap, and now in that of another. These gallants of the slums petted and babied him more than they did any of the girls, and even right before the eyes of the girls. In his actions the fairie boy was far more feminine and babyish than any of the girls, as well as far more amorous and skilled in coquetry. The *filles de joie* of the slums thought nothing strange of him, as the nature of such biological sports was well known to them.

Having, toward midnight, bid his convives farewell, he turns the first corner and sprints, turns another corner and sprints, and repeats this manoeuver several times as if bent on giving the slip to any possible follower. He then boards a car for his own quarter of the city. He lets himself into his house and his room without any one ever learning of his nocturnal excursion. * * * *

The nut-brown boy has graduated from the university with high honors, and has entered on a promising professional career. He is blessed with all the good things of life. Several young-woman admirers seek to insinuate themselves into his life, but he turns the cold shoulder on all. He is unable to see anything beautiful or attractive about the most queenly of them. * * * *

A few years out of college, Ralph Werther is seen, pale and hollow-eyed, climbing into a prison wagon with other culprits recently sentenced by the judge, and on their way to take the train to serve their various terms in state's prison. The slums were combed in order to obtain witnesses against our nut-brown boy. "To think of those people coming into the box one after the other to testify against me!" he reflects as he is on the way from jail to state's prison. "When I see other young men rejoicing in their manly vigor, and pointing the finger of scorn and hatred at me as one entirely abandoned to evil, I want to die! I want to die! . . . I, whom all my ordinary associates always thought to be the purest and most pious of men, on my way to prison! I, the last one

whom any of my early friends would have expected even to be ever arrested! But God's will be done... To think that I am the one to disgrace my family! I have been the scholar, the literateur, the only collegian of my father's family, and have by my achievements in learning brought the most honor on my father's house of all his children. I am also fated to be the one to bring the deepest disgrace upon it!"

Translated for The American Journal of Urology and Sexology.

TIME IN ITS RELATIONSHIP TO THE NEUROTIC.*

By Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, Vienna.

Translated

By Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M.D., New York.

THE efforts to formulate a definition of *hysteria* that shall be generally acceptable have thus far not proved successful. We even find it difficult to define the term *neurosis* although we all know what we mean by it. It is only since Freud has introduced us to the conception of *repression* and the *unconscious* that we have advanced somewhat towards our goal. Since Freud's first analyses we know that the neurotic's thoughts and actions cannot be explained by reference to his conscious mental activities only. From this point of view a definition might be attempted. It would be somewhat as follows: *Neurosis is the condition in which as a result of unconscious and conscious motives the boundaries between reality and fantasy are temporarily obscured.* In the psychoses the fantasy—which may be designated as the reality of the unconscious—has completely repressed the reality as a whole or a definite portion thereof. *The unconscious knows no fantasies; it knows only realities.* We speak of a psychosis when this valuation on the part of the unconscious is accepted by consciousness permanently and without correction. But if the boundaries between reality and fantasy are unsettled, variable, and constantly being corrected, then we may speak of a 'neurosis.' So then we may say that in a neurosis there is a region that lies *between seeming and truth.* This borderland is now claimed as the property of the conscious and then again wholly or partially ceded to the unconscious.

The neurotic betrays himself in the attitude he takes to realities. He is really not capable, as it were, of coming to terms with realities. His one principle seems to be to reject (*i.e.*, to annul)

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* The paper that is here translated first appeared in the Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse, 1912, No. 5. The translator's comments are in square brackets.